INDIAN LIFE AS SEEN BY THE JESUIT FATHERS OF NEW-FRANCE.

THE JESUIT RELATIONS AND ALLIED DOCUMENTS. Travels and Explorations of the
Jesuit Missionaries in New-France—1610-1791.
The Original French, Latin and Italian Texts,
with English Translations and Notes. Illustrated by Portraits, Maps and Fac-Similes.
Edited by Reuben Gold Thwaites, Secretary of
the State Historical Society of Wisconsin. Vol.
I, Acadia, 1610-1613; pp. xvl, 319. Vol II, Acadia,
1612-1614; pp. 310; Vol. IV, Acadia and Quebec,
1616-1629; pp. 272. Vol. V, Quebec, 1632-1633; pp.
298. Cleveland: The Burrows Brothers Company.

RESEARCHES UPON THE ANTIQUITY OF MAN. In the Delaware Valley and the Eastern United States. By Henry C. Mercer, Curator of the Museum of American and Frehistoric Archeology at the University of Pennsylvania. Pp. 178. (Publications of the University of Pennsylvania.) Boston: Ginn & Co.

Mr. Thwaites's work is one that appeals to the sympathy of all interested in American studies, whether as ethnologists, religionists, historians or statesmen. Hitherto the narratives of the French Jesuit missionaries in Canada have been accessible-where they were in print at all-only in the original editions or in limited and costly reprints. The few writers who dealt with the affairs of New-France had to make use of all these ancient writings that they could find, while the majority of both authors and readers contented themselves with knowledge furnished them at second hand. But in the series now so handsomely begun they will be able to read the reports in English as well as to make themselves familiar with the original text if they choose. The translations are made with the utmost care. We have noticed but one serious slip. That is in a Biblical quotation, where the translator has quoted more than the French text gave a warrant for, and probably has added just the clause which the Frenchman, dedicating his work to the Queen, omitted from motives of dellcacy. The passages in comparison will be found on pages 102 and 103 of the first volume.

I. OUR INDEBTEDNESS TO FRENCH TACT.

These old writings, in addition to their value in history and the formal sciences of humanity, are of perennial interest in the study of human nature at large. France was then, as now, the most polished of European nations. In the New World the tendency of Frenchmen was to adapt themselves as far as possible to the savage society in which they found themselves. Before their settlements had taken root in the far East, adventurous spirits were roving through the forest about the Great Lakes, penetrating nearer every season to the heart of the Continent, and finally passing onward to the shores of the Pacific; searching every valley, paddling on every river, and making a welcome for themselves in every wigwam. Mr. Thwaites corrects the statement that the Jesuits were the first to roam From the very outset he finds that the traders looking after peltries were the pioneers of French advance in the New World. But in the rude fur buyer and the educated Jesuit the tendency was the same, namely, to comprehend the native as he was. Plainly, if the French had won North America they would, by the mere force of circumstances and by the bent & their own inclination, have built up a nation on the basis of aboriginal life, just as Rome did in Germany and Gaul and Britain. They found in the red man a virtue and an intelligence which their rivals the English were slow to discover. His frequent outbreaks did not discourage them. They compared his habits to those recorded of their own Gallic ancestors, and they found for the hominy bread of the Algonquins a parallel in something Pliny had said about the earliest

They were indulgent rather than averse to the superstitions of the wild races. True, they fancied that the devil lurked beneath many of the savage rites which they witnessed, but they were not inclined to quarrel even with Satan so long as he displayed a reasonable approach to French courtesy. It is useless to mourn an irreparable loss; but undoubtedly, if French Jesuite instead of Spanish Dominicans had got possession of the libraries of ancient Mexico, the world would now be the richer by a whole realm of peculiar and original literature, as valuable, in Egypt. They studied how far it was wise to yield to superstition, and as they were men versed in all the learning of their times, they sought guidance from past example. Of course they would not have gone so far as Marc Lescarbot, whose writings are among the first in these volumes. This author, though outwardly a Catholic, sympathized with the Huguenots, who were the first settlers at Port Royal, and some of his expressions show that he considered the Jesuits backbiting busybodies whom he would gladly have excluded from the new colony, It was plainly a response to covert sneers that no mission work was done among the natives when the clergyman of the colony baptized somewhat hurriedly a whole group of Indians, whose names were reported promptly in France. But this proceeding was at once criticised as hasty, and so Lescarbot, apologizing for the heathenism latent, and occasionally far from latent, in the converts, remarked that the deep-rooted habits of people could not be eradicated in a moment. The Apostles had to yield to the weakness of others, and paganism still affected the practice of the Church. "Witness," he added, "the ceremonies of the candles on Candlemas, the processions of the Rogation-days, the bonfires of St. John the Baptist's Day, the holy water, and many other traditions that we have in the Church, which have been introduced for a laudable purpose to convert to a good usage what had only been abused." If the Spanish priests could have looked at the matter in this way they would not have been so ready to find the devil in the startling analogies to Christianity which they beheld in Central America and Peru, particularly in the holy water, worship of the cross, the divine motherhood of a virgin, and baptism both by immersion and sprinkling. The Spaniards, as Dr. Brinton remarks, comforted themselves with the thought that St. Thomas may have extended his apostolic journeys to the western shores of the New World, a thing not so difficult to believe as long as they thought themselves on the borders of Cathay. They had to yield much to the natives, particularly the custom of keeping up a perpetual fire. But the Jesuits, on going to New-France, appear to have looked into earlier literature for direct precedents.

11.

A TYPICAL JESUIT MISSIONARY. The Venerable Bede could hardly becalled a familiar author in the seventeenth century. But it is to Bede that Father Biard, one of the first among the Jesuit missionaries in Acadia, turned for arguments in his narrative of 1616. He doubtless felt the similarity there was between his savages and those among whom Bede arose like a light in the darkness. To the eyes of the French public he addressed first such arguments in favor of developing New-France as occurred to him on the score of temporal prosperity. Then he turned to the other aspect of the case, the one most obvious to a man who had in his time been a teacher of theology at Lyons, a willing missionary and an unwilling exile from New France, and urged the point that France would incur a divine penalty by neglect of the natives. The example of the Scots and the Britons was fust to his hand. According to Bede, the Scots readily imparted their knowledge of religion to the Saxons, in spite of the fact that the latter were enemies and invaders. But the Britons held sullenly aloof. The result was that the former fared much the better of the two in the gradual spread of the Saxon power and of the Roman churchmanship which the Saxons cultivated. There is a little feeling against the heretics in all this, but Blard was justified by his own suffering. He was one of the men taken

prisoner by the Virginian Argall and sent back to

Europe on the plea that they had settled on English territory. It is no wonder that he thought ill of the English heretics, and expressed his conviction that they were in league with Satan. He and his companions had learned how to converse with the Indians in a mixed tongue; they had got the catechism translated, and were beginning to look for a harvest as missionaries. "And, lo, at this moment," he exclaims, "the one who is jealous of all good, and particularly of human salvation, came, and, wickedly setting fire to all our work, bore us away from the field. May the victorious Jesus, with His powerful hand and invincible wisdom, confound him! Ainsi soit-il." All of which was only matter for thanksgiving among the Virginians, who had their own version of Argali's raid and their response to the plous "ainsi soit-il" in the "so mote it be" of Elizabethan preachers.

The Jesuits soon found that it was one thing to criticise the hasty acts of a lonely minister from the safe distance of the French Court, and another thing to take his place and do better. They questioned the powers and consecration of the pastor, who had Papal approval and Huguenot sympathies, with credentials obtained over the heads of the French Catholic prelates. His title of Patriarch, with its suggestion of Oriental churchmanship and independence, was a thing which apparently caused them much thought. But while the order in France enlarged on the irregularities in the colony, the missionaries made friends with their predecessor, speeded him as a parting guest, and counted his labor with their own when they computed the injury the davil had done in letting the Virginians loose against them. While they confined their own baptisms to the dying, they became even enthusiastic about the character of one of the Patriarch's converts. It is hard to say what the ratio was of reverence for royalty to pure love of exaggeration in the expressions of early explorers about American chieftains. The stir about allowing Pocahontas to marry an untitled Englishman, the incredible misunderstanding as to Montezuma's real authority, and many other incidents of the kind, show that white men carried their own political traditions to an absurd length in speaking of the red men But, owing to the little religious difficulty which attended the very origin of Acadia, the French soon corrected their notions of savage monarchy. It was a great political move for the Patriarch to have baptized the head man of the Micmacs, but, as reported in France, this head man became the sagamore of all New-France, Lescarbot took the trouble to trace the word "sagamore" back to the Hebrew term "sogan," thus helping forward an exceedingly unprofitable theory about the descent of the Indians which has lasted to the present day. Now the Jesuits, having had nothing to do with converting the sagamore, were not tempted to exaggerate his authority. Lescarbot had truthfully explained that the position of an Indian chief was not at all like that of a French king. But the Jesuits soon made it clear that the chieftainship was largely a matter of personal merit. They were not able to clear up the distinction which the Indians made among the families of their tribes, amounting almost to the European caste system of nobles and commons, but they saw that the boasted authority of the sagamore was nothing more than one of their own order might attain among the Indians by clever manage-

> III. THE SAGAMORE MEMBERTOU.

The name of this sagamore was Memberton. and he was baptized as a namesake of Henry of Navarre. If the "Jesuit Relations" had done nothing more than to give the character of this one savage, they would still have justified the Acadian mission. Membertou was already an aged man when the Jesuits made his acquaintance. In fact, he was supposed to be at least a hundred years old. He had passed the time when he cared to be treacherous and cruel and eager for war like his contemporary Powhatan Virginia. Still, the memory of the years when he had been as bloody-minded as any still lingered among his adherents. Champlain described him as " a friendly savage, although he had the name of being the worst and most traitorous man of his tribe." His fellow-tribesmen doubtless looked back to those days of his and gave him the name of Great Chief, which certainly sounds big in the Magnus Imperator of Jesuit Latin. But he had now reached the philosophic stage of life, and his garnered wisdom sometimes startled the good fathers as almost miraculous insight into the mysteries of the religion which they were trying to teach. His morality, even as a heathen, astonished them; for while other men of means and consideration in the tribes had many wives, he would have only one, and he defended his conduct on the grounds of nature and reason. He had also the renown of being expert in the secret lore of his race, so that he met the Catholic priests on ground with which he was as familiar

as a savage could be. His duplicity must have been very profound indeed, to have fooled men trained in the study of human nature. But he was in fact simple minded. His thoughtfulness and his sagacity were the results of long experience in a mind naturally vigorous. Without the aid of a common language he could divine from facial expression and gesture the ideas of these blackrobed men who had come so far to instruct him. It is to their credit as honest men that he trusted them, and that he saw the benign meaning of ceremonies which other Indians naturally took for something like their own magic, only more dangerous and more powerful. Perhaps he thought the Catholic service magical, too, but he had the courage to wish for the power it gave. He had the natural oratory of an Indian, and he would have been glad to add to it the gifts of a Christian preacher. He urged the missionaries to learn his language as speedily as possible, so that they might teach him all the mysteries of their faith, while they confess that he seemed already to know more than they could teach him. For they had learned before this time the defects of a savage language, namely, that it has words enough for all the doings of common life, but almost none for those things that elude the senses. Words could do little unless there was a common un derstanding beforehand. As a rule, the Indian converts attached no meaning to their new religion. But they thought that baptism made them like the French. It was a sort of naturalization. They welcomed the cross as a beneficent amulet. In various ways they displayed keen interest and keen intelligence, which the Jesuits could appreciate after the experience of their order with other wild races. "I confess," wrote one of them, "we often see in these savages natural and graceful qualities which will make any but a shameless person blush when they compare them to the greater part of the French who come over here." A little knowledge of the new religion led them to compare themselves with the Christians from beyond the sea. They congratulated themselves that they fought only with their enemies, never among themselves: that they were more intelligent than the French. as, indeed, they were in all the affairs of savage life. Thus they were willing to have all the benefits of the new religion without its obligations. They would keep their own customs

Not so Membertou. He was the first of a con siderable group of Indian statesmen who, if they had had behind them a people capable of united action, might have made France and the Jesuits supreme in North America. Catholicism appealed to his senses, and it also met thoughts which he, in common with all his race, had vaguely cherished. The beings of his supernatural world lent themselves easily to varied meanings. The idea of one God did not strike

their own vices, to which they added, in spite of

the dismayed fathers, an insatiable appetite for

brandy, but they would still sport the cross as a

him or his fellows as strange. It had occurred to him in a dim, accidental way often enough. A clear expression of the idea convinced his reason at once. As to the various powers which were appealed to in one exigency or another of life-he could easily agree with the priests that they were demoniac as soon as he felt the presence of a greater power. Here he advanced to a stage of thought which is dwelt on in the "Relations," and which was quite as high as that of the Jesuits themselves, or of the New-England clergymen who were soon afterward engaged in explaining the work of Providence with unparalleled minuteness. To a Jesuit father who saw an Indian made whole merely by the touch of the relics of St. Lawrence of Dublin, the testimony that a shoal of smelts had come in answer to prayer just in time to prevent starvation was as convincing as it was to Membertou himself There were many such incidents within Membertou's experience or within the circle of his observation. Persons whose life had been despaired of by the Indian doctors, himself among the number, had recovered at the mere word of the priests or of the head of the French colony. He could only explain these things in one way, and fortunately his audience was not at all sceptical. Nevertheless, he had his joke occasionally at the expense of his teachers. Once Biard was trying to teach him the Paternoster When he came to "Give us this day our daily bread," he exclaimed: "Oh, I can't stop at that! I must have moose-meat and fish." Sometimes, also, his imagination ran away with his facts, as when he told Blard, who was somewhat credulous, that in his young days the Micmacs were as numerous on the Acadian coast as the hairs on his head. But he was, on the whole, a wise old man, a forest philosopher, who taught the Frenchmen more than he learned from them. His is not the only attractive native figure in these volumes. Of the historical and scientific value of the "Relations" much has been said; but their charm as narratives lies mainly in these human lives so very close to nature, and so little touched by anything like civilization as known

to the European invaders.

To the investigators of that time, and to many still, this Indian life seemed to have a remote past in the regions where it was found. The predecessors of Membertou were reckoned back to a considerable antiquity, and it is well known that the Iroquois physician Cusick fancied he could give approximate dates in Indian history up to a time pearly two thousand years ago. up to a time nearly two thousand years ago. Since the discovery of cave men in Europe, the theories as to the antiquity of the red race have been much enlarged. It is to this question that Mr. Mercer has addressed himself in his present work, as he did formerly in his study of the caves of Yucatan. Practically his conclusions respecting the cave, dwellings and stone-weapon quarries of Pennsylvania are similar to those which he reached in Yucatan. There is almost no evidence of human life beyond a few hundred years in the past. Only one extinct animal figures prominently in his list along with human relies, and that is the peccary. But the surroundings led him to think that this animal was a mere survival among the species of the present day. The volume also contains a on shell heaps left by savages along York River Maine, and there, too, after computing the time that an average tribe of Indians would take in forming a given heap, he decides that the de posits are essentially modern in origin. Apparently he would not date the Indian's appearance on the Atlantic coast very far back in the medieval period of Europe. But, of course, his book makes but one chapter in an investigation where there remains still much to be do

NEW NOVELS.

A TRIUMPH FOR MR. RICHARD HARDING DAVIS

SOLDIERS OF FORTUNE. By Richard Harding Davis. With Illustrations by C. D. Gibson. Oc-tavo, pp. 364. Charles Scribner's Sons. THE THIRD VIOLET. By Stephen Crane. Octavo, pp. 203. D. Appleton & Co.

There are two reasons why Mr. Davis should be the first place, he has given us in it the novel of life in a revolutionary South American State for which we have long been waiting, and, furthermore, he has made it a revelation of his finest His originality and skill in the construction of a brief story have long since been recognized his animation and accuracy in descriptive narrative have won him a wide and a faithful public; but he has done enough work of an unsatisfactory nature to give the reader pause when it has come to acknowledging in him a veritable master of the art of fiction. He is such a master in "Soldiers of Fortune." His defects have disappeared. The cockre mannerisms and what might be calle color of an inveterate commonplaceness have both been escaped. What is presented between the covers of this delightful novel is the work of a mature romancer, writing out of a full mind and sure of his ground. From all points of view it is a good book. In that relation alone, to which reference has been made above, in its interpretation of the tone and movement of a South American State in its characteristic condition of fermentation, we are persuaded that it is unusually sympathetic exact. The reader is not left to cultivate an impulse of doubt. The whole thing moves with such artless celerity. Perhaps a President in the tropics does not play such a tortuous game as that of the Alvarez of the present story; perhaps the new dictator in the field is less of the melodramatic indi-vidual that we find Mr. Davis's Mendoza; but he has certainly made these two men lifelike and convincing, he has painted in Mme. Alvarez just the sort of ambitious woman who might be expected to stand at the centre of such a crisis as that in the affairs of Olancho which is here described, and the background is fitted to the actors, the scene is absolutely vivid and deluding. We are made to participate in the events which have given a new power to the novelist's pen, and there is not a page in the book which falls of its effect. Possibly that last observation should be qualified

On page 150 the hero, Clay, indulges in a spasm of self-pity which is hardly worthy of him. But to note this is really to pay a tribute to the general excellence of the author's work, for it would be impossible to resent the lapse if Mr. Davis had not kept the hero so true to himself in every other episode of the story. Clay is a man who could be consistent, who could be undeviatingly strong and admirable, without being a prig. He fills the stage with the aplomb of a man who is almost an Admirable Crichton, but he never ceases to be a man, he is always interesting, always sympathetic Hitherto Mr. Davis has done well in sketching rather obvious types of the Van Bibber or Gallegher sort, but he has drawn in Clay a figure genuine clean through, and with that touch of individuality about him which makes a personage in fiction remembered for his own sake instead of as a The other actors in the drama are individualized too. The amiable millionaire, with his love for his family and his shrewd business faculty; his serenely impeccable daughter, Alice, and her impetuous but more lovable sister, Hope, are all bodied forth distinctly, and the men who surround Clay are equally well presented. They are all flung into an adventure the thrill of which Mr. Davis has communicated to his pages as though without an effort, and the book is closed with feeling of complete satisfaction. There is only one point on which it' would be interesting to have some further light. Did MacWilliams go to the bungalow in white duck or the robes of conventional human intercourse? Mr. Gibson, in his iliustration, is for the latter, but the text leaves the matter in doubt.

When Mr. Stephen Crane published "The Little Regiment," with some stories in it that readers of fiction will not at once forget, it seemed evident that he had thrown off the incubus of that curious ambition which had led him to produce such ambition which had led him to produce such a book as "Maggie." But in "The Third Violet" he has reverted, more or less, to the worst side of his realistic ideal, in other words, to the side where he is not realistic at all in any plausible sense. The plot of his narrative is good, and, pitched in another key, the book might have turned out weil. But Mr. Crane seems to have got the impression somewhere that the impecunious artist of to-day is nothing if not siangy and the reverse of fastidious in his personal habits. He introduces a frowsy young model upon the scene, a person whom he would perhaps have us believe had charms. If she had he certainly conceals them. She remains frowsy and repellent to the end. The hero has a taint of commonness which he cannot shake off; the heroine suffers in the same way, and, with the best will in the world, it is still difficult to reach any conclusion other than that the company is profoundly disagreeable whether in the country or the city. The story moves from one region to the other and is true enough to the superficial aspects of both, but its descriptions are never quite adequate, and when they deal with some of the phenomena of human life they become grotesque. For example: "Hawker turned and found a young woman regarding him. A wave of astonishment whirled into his hair." Mr. Crane will have to produce something better than "The Third Violet" if he is to keep on even the modest lazel of his best work. book as "Maggie." But in "The Third Violet" he

LITERARY NOTES.

It is denied in the "Academy," apparently with authority, that Mr. Kipling did not go to the seat of war in the East for "The London Times."

The centenary of the Battle of St. Vincent has brought much Nelson literature to the front this year, headed by Captain Mahan's fine biography, and now it is made known that a precious Nelson relic will be sold at Sotheby's in the fall. It is the manuscript of Lord Nelson's autobiography, which he gave to John McArthur in 1799, and which was printed in the work of McArthur and Clark in 1809. Here is an opportunity for some lovers of his tory and of letters to purchase the one memorial of Nelson which it would be fitting to present to Captain Mahan in recognition of his invaluable services to the literature of the great Admiral and

Collectors interested in the brothers Goncou have been waiting impatiently for the further catalogues of the sale to arrive from France, but they are still delayed. Apparently the executors are going to do the thing mentioned in this place at the outset of the sale, they are going to move heaven and earth to drag along the settlement of the Goncourt affairs so slowly that by the time the famous "Academy" gets its rights they will amount to very little in francs and centimes. The accompanying portrait of Edmond de Goncourt is taken from an etching by M. Helleu, and is one of the most picturesque drawings ever made from the noted Frenchman. He and his brother were both sketched by more than one famous artist. It would be interesting to know what steps the liter



ary executors of the brothers are taking to accumu late data for a new "Life" to be published in 1900, when the concluding pages of the notorious journal are given to the world. It is true that the pair said enough about themselves, in all conscience, but their papers and collections make a perfect mine of personalia, and Paris will be very unlike herself if she does not contrive to bring a formal biography to light when the time comes. In fact, it may be preparing now, so expeditiously are these things done to-day.

A great many authors and more outsiders, the latter including scores of publishers, have from time to time poured the vials of their wrath upon Sir Walter Besant, protesting that the Authors' Society, of which he has been so conspicuous member, was doing quite unnecessary looking after the interests of authors." It is often stated that the authors and the publishers are capable of attending to their affairs without any assistance from an officious society. But it looks, just the same, as if the Authors' Society were exactly the thing needed, for hardly a week goes by without some friction arising between author and publisher. The latter has a blithe way with him when he is in the wrong that is positively exhilarating. For example, one English writer a couple of papers to a syndicate a while ago. He had no idea that they were ever to be published in book form. Perhaps if the syndicate had put them into a book by themselves he would not have felt much aggrieved, but they suddenly printed the articles in a volume of a miscellaneous character, giving the impression that the authors had collaborated. Our author objects. The publisher girds at him scornfully in the public prints. No doubt the publisher thinks he has justice on his side, but to most people it will seem the other way. And here is the London publisher of a new edition of Kipling's "Departmental Dittles" who has announced that it is to be dedicated to "Bobs," otherwise Lord Roberts. Every one who saw that announcement assumed that Kipling himself had addressed this dedication to the man who has turns out to be the publisher who has done the thing, and it would be interesting to know what Kipling thinks of it, and what Lord Roberts will consider valuable in the episode.

It may be noted here, by the way, that another of Kipling's so-called inaccuracies, in "Captains Courageous," has been investigated with results confirmatory, of course, of the author's well-known care in matters of local significance. We refer to the "Virgin" rocks which one correspondent assured us not long since could only exist in Mr. Kipling's imagination. Another commentator writes: "R. K. is right, as usual. The Virgin Rocks-or the 'Virgins' as they are often calledare a group of banks where the water ranges in depth from three to thirty fathoms. They lie about seventy-five miles east of Cape Race and the group is seven miles north and south by about two miles east and west. The rock over which there is only three fathoms, to be exact, lies in latitude north 46° 26' 57"; longtitude west 50° 47' 40". In time of rough weather the sea breaks badly over this entire shoal spot, which is near the northern end of the Grand Banks. You will find the above information in the Navigators' Guide for Newfoundland and Labrador, page 16."

"The Martian" is to be published in book form next Septembe . The Harpers are, of course, the publishers in this country. The next thing to know is the date of the appearance of a memoir of the

Scotch novelists of the day-a diction which every one knows is as lucid and as eloquent as diction can possibly be-that we think the following frag-ment from a book of "Braefoot Sketches," by Mr. J. Mackinnon, will be welcomed for its ample justification of the transparency and charm of "kallyard" prose. Readers of Ian Maclaren and Mr. Crockett will, of course, protest that it has far less point, far less magic, than a page from either of their favorite authors, but it must be admitted that Mr. Mackinnon has a noble way with him. Thus:

Mr. Mackinnon has a noble way with him. The "Wangie's richt stochefty."

"Ay, he'll niver gie ye a bit o' naething."

"A'll watch him again. A'll seen be gettin penny fae my father.

"A'm gettin' a penny on Setturday."

"Fa fae?"

"Fae oor Geordie."

"Ha! Ha!"

"O, bit a' a!"

"Never ye ound fat for daein."

"O, A kent ye wisna gettin't."

"Bit A am sot gettin't. Surely A ken better you."

tongue."
"No, A 'll nae haud my tongue. Fat div ye'—
"Fa 's gyan owre tae the smiddy?"
"Me.' 'An' me.' 'An' me.'

press. One of them, entitled "Flower of the Mind," s to be an anthology of the best poems in the English language. Anthologies are always diverting for reasons in addition to those inherent in the poems themselves. It is always picturesque and

energetic young dilettanti whose periodicals and books have compelled attention in this country during the last few years because of their impu dence or comicality or preciousness. Now and then one of the band will do a really fine piece of work and then spoil it through the crudity of his much-vaunted "taste." Mr. Elbert Hubbard provides a case in point. He has just printed for Miss Adeline Knapp a little book which verges on being beautiful. Paper and type are exquisite, from cove to cover the manufacture of the book is wellnigh perfect. And then "The Roycroft Printing Shop" must "adorn" the pages with initials and borders in colors, it must put floral embellishments on the Upland Pastures," etc., etc., etc. To make matters worse, at the end of the volume they print: "So here then endeth Upland Pastures by Adeline Knapp, as printed by me, Elbert Hubbard, at the Roycroft Printing Shop in East Aurora, New-York, U. S. A." So long as East Aurora confined

itself to passing vagaries like "The Philistine" its antics were amusing. But it seems a pity that craftsmen capable of such good work as has been put into this book should be so willing to invalidate it by affectations and immature æsthéticism. If Mr. Hubbard will only take a piece of classical literature and print it, as it is perfectly plain he could print it, he will take rank among the best of our professional bookmakers.

"Lippincott's Magazine" is to have a new cover. or rather a cover which will be a modification of the old one. That old one has been so long familiar that the change will interest many a magazine

Tennyson's bearishness in his own house and in

the homes of others has been so frequently com-nented upon that an anecdote idustrative of another mood is especially welcome. A correspondent "In 1850, just of "The London Spectator" says: after his marriage, when he was staying at Conis-ton, he came over to spend a day with my grand-mother—'Mrs. Fletcher, of Edinburgh'—at her house near Grasmere. Some of us took him up Easedale, showing him Wordsworth's haunts there, and when we got in face of Sour Milk Ghyll he answered its voice heartly with 'The stationary blasts of waterfalls,' etc. On joining the old-fashioned family carly dinner, he was interested by the four gen erations at the long table, noticing especially one little boy of three: 'There's a glory about that child'; and the homely fare seemed to please him greatly, his face lighting up at the sight of a dish of beans and bacon, the like of which he had not seen of late, and wished he saw oftener. On taking leave he said: T've had a very jolly day'; and, altogether, the union of enthusiasm and sim plicity struck us as another instance of what we had long known in Wordsworth."

Dr. G. Birkbeck Hill, the high priest of Dr. Johnson, has put in shape at last his two volumes of "Johnsonian Miscellanies" and they will soon be published. In the first volume there will be gathered together Johnson's prayers and meditations, his account of his childhood, Mme. Piozzi's anecdotes and Murphy's essays on the life and genius of Johnson. The second volume will contain let-ters from Johnson to various persons, extracts from the "Life," by Hawkins, many anecdotes drawn from different sources, and, finally, a concordance of Johnson's sayings. The volumes will be made uniform with those of Dr. Hill's well-known edition

A book for which students have long been wait ing is in preparation in London. Mr. William Strang, the well-known etcher, who got his point of departure from Legros and then proceeded to show how original he could be in his master's style, is one of the authors, and Dr. Singer is the Their book, "Etching, Engraving and the Other Processes of Picture Printing," will give a complete technical explanation of wood and steal engraving, drypoint, mezzotint, aquatint, soft ground etching, lithography, photogravure, tone" and other processes. There is no more awful tangle of technicalities anywhere than in the field covered by this book. If it only combines lucidity with its technicality, it will be a boon beyond price

The Kelmscott Press is slowing down. Three presses were in use during the lifetime of the founder, but since his death only two have been kept running, in order to complete the work he left unfinished, and as soon as that work is out of the way the Press is expected to be abandoned Regret is, of course, being expressed on all sides but it seems wise to discontinue the enterprise Morris himself gave it three-fourths of its reason for being. Now that he is gone, and such of his precepts have been adopted as were fitted to modern printing, there is no occasion for the prolonga

THE EMERSONS AND THE PULPIT.

with us, the breakly and gardens are possessions forever.

THE EMERSONS AND THE PULPIT.

Emerson, I am grieved to say, when during his last visit to England he spent some days with us, accompanied and watched over by his devoted daughter, was already on the brink of that misfortune which overtook him in his old age. His memory often failed him, but as through a mist the bright and warm sun of his mind was always shining, and many of his questions and answers have remained engraved in my memory, weak and shaky as that too begins to be. I had forgotten that Emerson had ceased to be an active preached and I told him that I rather envised him there and I told him that I rather envised him there are not only what he had told others, that "he had had enough of it, but yet that of his brother, which struck me as very significant at the time. "There was an ecclesiastical leaven in our family," he said. "My brother and I were both meant for the ministry in the Unitarian community. My brother was sent by my father to Germany (I believe to Göttingen), and after a thorough study of theology was returning to America. On the voyage home the ship was caught in a violent gale, and all hope of saving it and the lives of the passengers was given up. At that time my brother said his prayers, and made a vow that if his life should be spared he would never preach again, but give up theology allogether and earn an honest living in some other way. The ship weathered the storm, my brother's life was saved, and, in spite of all entreaties, he kept his yow. Something of the same kind may have influenced me," he added; "anyhow, I felt that there was better work for me to do than to preach from the pulpit." And so, no doubt, there was, for this wonderfully gifted man, particularly at the time and in the place where he lived. A few years' study at Göttingen might have been useful to Emerson by showing him the track followed by other explorers of the unknown sens of judgment and potted him had grappled with them. And this was professor and

"Legacion de los Estados Unidos de America en España "18th Jan. 18

de America en España,
"Ista Jan., 1880.
"I read with great satisfaction what you wrote
about jade." One is tempted to cry out with Marlowe's Tamburlaine. 'How now, ye pampered jades
of Asia.' One thing in the discussion has struck
me a good deal, and that is, the crude notion which
intelligent men have of the migration of tribes.
I think most men's conception of distance is very
much a creature of maps—which make Crim
Tartary and England not more than a foot apart,
so that the fact of the old rhyme—'to dance out
of ireland into France,' looks easy. They seem to
think that the shifting of habitation was accomplished like a modern journey by rail, and that the
emigrants wouldn't need tools by the way or would
buy them at the nearest shop after their arrival.
There is nothing the ignorant and poor cling to so
tenaciously as their familiar household utensils.
Incredible things are brought every day to America
in the luggage of emigrants—things often most
cumbrous to carry and utterly useless in the new
home. Familles that went from our seaboard to
the West a century ago, through an almost impenetrable wilderness, carried with them all their
domestic pots and pans—even those, I should be
willing to wager, that needed the tinker. I re-

member very well the starting of an expedition from my native town of Cambridge in Ed., for Oregon, under the lead of a captain of great energy and resource. They started in wagons ingeniously contrived so as to be taken to pieces, the body forming a boat for crossing rivers. They carried everything they could think of with them, and got safely to the other side of the contiaent, as hard a job, I fancy, as our Aryan ancestors had to do. There is hardly a family of English desent in New-England that doesn't cherish as an heirloom something brought over by the first ancestore 250 years ago. And beside the motive of utility there is that also of sentiment—particularly strong in the case of an old tool. Faithfully yours.

Lowell's conversation was inexhaustible, his information astonishing. Plensant as he was, even as an antagonist, he would occasionally lose his temper and use very emphatic language. I was once sitting next to him when I heard him stagger his neighbor, a young lady, by bursting out with, "But madam, I do not accept your major premise!" Poor thing, she evidently was not accustomed to such language, and not acquainted with that terrible term. She collapsed, evidently quite at a loss as to what gift on her part Mr. Lowell declined to accept.

as to what gift on her part Mf. Lowell declined to accept.

Sometimes even the most harmless remark about America would call forth very sharp replies from him. Everybody knows that the salaries paid by America to her diplomatic staff are insufficient, and no one knew it better than he himself. But when the remark was made in his presence that the United States treated their diplomatic representatives attingly, he fired up, and discoursed most eloquently on the advantages of high thoughts and humble living. His cleverness and readiness in writing occasional verses have become proverbial, and I am glad to be able to add two more to the many jeux d'esprit of this brilliant and amiable guest.

Had I all tongues Max Müller knows, I could not with them altogether Tell half the debt a stranger owes Who Oxford sees in pleasant weather.

The halls, the gardens, and the quads,

But more than all the welcomes warm, Thrown thick as lavish hands could toss 'My, they'd have wood in winter-storm One's very umbrella-stick to blossom!

Bring me a cup of All Souls' ale, Better than e'er was bought with siller, To drink (O may the vow prevail) The health of Max* and Mrs. Müller!

"Professor" I would fain have said. But the pinched line would not admit it, And where the nail submits its head, There must the hasty hammer hit it?)

Abundant as was his wit in the true tense of that word, his kindness was equally so. After he had written the above verses for my wife, my young daughter Hearrice (now Mrs. Colyer Pergusson) asked him, as young ladies are wont to do, for a rew lines for herself. He at once resumed his pen and wrote:

O'er the wet sands an insect crept Ages ere man on earth was known— And patient Time, while Nature slept, The slender tracing turned to stone.

'Twas the first autograph: and ours?
Prithee, how much of prose or song,
In league with the Creative powers,
Shall 'scape Oblivion's broom so long?
In great haste,
Faithfully yours,
June, 1886.
J. R. LOWELL.

24th June, 1886.

There was no subject on which one could touch that was not familiar to the Autocrat of the Breakfast Table. His thoughts and his words were ready, and one felt that it was not for the first time that the subject had been carefully thought out artitalked out by him. That he should have been able to stend all the fatigue of his journey and the constant claims on his ready wit seemed to me marvellous. I had the pleasure of showing him the old buildings of Oxford. He seemed to know them all, and had something to ask and to say about every one

all, and had something to ask and to say about every one.

When we came to Magdalen College he wanted to see and to measure the elms. He was very proud of some elms in America, and he had actually brought some string with which he had measured the largest tree he knew in his own country. He proceeded to measure one of our finest elms in Magdalen College, and when he found that it was larger than his American glant, he stood before it admiring it, without a single word of envy or disappointment. CONVERSATION WITH THE AUTOCRAT.

precepts have been adopted as were fitted to modified and proposed to a proposed at the proposed to a proposed to arated, and one feets show were on earth, they thought that, such as they were on earth, they have meet again. And yet there is continuity in the world, there is no flaw, no break anywhere, and what has been will surely be again, though how it will be we cannot know, and if only we trust in the Wisdom that pervades the whole universe, we need not know.

Were I to write down my more or less casual meetings with men of literary eminence, I should have much more to say, much that was of deep

Were I to write down my more or less casual meetings with men of literary eminence, I should have much more to say, much that was of deep interest and value to myself, but would hardly be of interest and value to myself, but would hardly be of interest to others. I felt greatly flattered, for instance, when years ago, Macaulay invited me to see him at the Albany and to discuss with him the new regulations for the Irdian Civil Service. This must have been in about 1854. I was quite a young and unknown man at the time, but I had already made his acquaintance at Bunsen's house, where he had been asked to meet Herr von Radowitz, for a short time Prime Minister in Prussta, and the most famous talker in Germany. It was indeed a tournament to watch, but as it was in English, which Radowitz spoke well, yet not well enough for such a contest. Macaulay carried the day, though Radowitz excelled in repartee, in anesdetes and in a certain elegance more telling in French than in English.

I went to call on Macaulay in London, well provided as I thought with facts and arguments in support of the necessity of Oriental studies, which I knew he had always discouraged, in the preparation and examination of candidates for the Indian Civil Service. He began by telling me that he knew nothing of Indian languages and literature, and that he wanted to know all I had to say on the real advantages to be derived by young civilians from a study of Sanserit. I have already published reversely and after the subject, and had carried on a long controversy with Sir Charles. Trevelyan, afterward published in a pamphiet, entitled, "Correspondence Relating to the Establishment of an Oriental College in London."

MACAULAY AND ORIENTAL STUDIES.

had carried on a long controversy with Six Charles Trevelyan, afterward published in a pampilet, entitled, "Correspondence Relating to the Establishment of an Oriental College in London."

MacAULLAY AND ORIENTAL STUDIES. Macaulay, after sitting down, asked me a number of questions, but before I had time to answer any one of them he began to relate his own experences in India, dilating on the difference between a scholar and a man of business, giving a full account of his controversy, while in India, with men like Professor Wilson and others, who maintained that English would never become the language of India, expressing his own strong conviction to the contrary, and relating a number of anecdotes, showing that the natives learned English far more easily than the English could ever learn Hindwanee of Sanscrit. Then he branched off into some disparaging remarks about Sanscrit literature, particularly about their legal literature, entering minutely into the question of what authority could be assigned to the Laws of Manu, and of what possible use they could be in determining lawsuits between natives, ending up with the usual distribes about the untrustworthiness as witnesses in a gurand was very pleasant to listen to, but much disappointing to a young man who had come well primed with facts to meet all these arguments, and who tried in vain to find a chance to put versation Macau ay thankel me for the usefu information I had given him, and I went by that I had chiefly wished to impress on him was that Halleybury should not be ended but mended. But it was easier and more control of the c MACAULAY AND ORIENTAL STUDIES.